

# Louisville Evening Express.

OLD SERIES--VOL. XXV.

LOUISVILLE, SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 28, 1869.

NEW SERIES--VOL. I, NO. 112

## DAILY WEATHER BULLETIN.

By Western Union Telegraph Lines for Aug. 28, 9 A. M.

CITIES.	WIND.	TH'.	WEATHER.
Albany.....	S E	84	Clear.
Baltimore.....	S E	84	Cloudy.
Boston.....	S E	84	Clear.
Buffalo.....	S E	84	Clear.
Chicago.....	S E	84	Clear.
Cincinnati.....	S E	84	Clear.
Cleveland.....	S E	84	Clear.
Dayton.....	S E	84	Clear.
Indianapolis.....	S E	84	Clear.
Kansas City.....	S E	84	Clear.
London.....	S E	84	Clear.
Lyons.....	S E	84	Clear.
Memphis.....	S E	84	Clear.
Minneapolis.....	S E	84	Clear.
Missouri.....	S E	84	Clear.
New York.....	S E	84	Clear.
Philadelphia.....	S E	84	Clear.
Pittsburg.....	S E	84	Clear.
St. Louis.....	S E	84	Clear.
St. Paul.....	S E	84	Clear.
Wash. D. C.....	S E	84	Clear.

## THE CITY.

### MONDAY'S EXPRESS.

One of the best mediums of advertising in Louisville is the Daily Express on Monday morning. Advertisers should make a note of this, and hand in their favorably paid time.

### BASE BALL.

The Haymakers and Kentuckians. We are glad to learn that the Haymakers of Louisville, N. Y., will play the Kentuckians a match game this afternoon, at 3 o'clock, on the grounds of the Park City Club, south of the Stuart Hotel. Visitors can reach the ground by the Fourth-street cars. The Haymakers may be assured of a cordial welcome from our people.

### Home Again.

General Weitzel returned to his residence in New Albany, day before yesterday. He has been making a tour of inspection among the improvements under his charge along the Tennessee river.

### Portland Ferry.

Captain Mose Irwin, the energetic Superintendent of the Portland Ferry Company, has been indefatigable in his exertions to accommodate the trade, and has succeeded in putting the regular boats upon their usual trips.

### Snapping Affair.

Thursday evening, at a picnic in Clark county, Indiana, about eight miles from New Albany, given by St. Joseph's Church, an affray occurred, in which John Helbig was dangerously cut. Two boys were fighting, when Helbig interfered to part them. As he did so, another party, Michael Cuddy, stepped up and snatched him in the right side below the ribs, then brandished his knife and threatened to kill any one who should attempt to arrest him. Yesterday Helbig was reported to be in a very critical condition. Cuddy has not been arrested.

### Leg Fractured.

This forenoon, Roger O'Herron and his brother William, both engaged in the foundry of Dennis Long & Co., were taking a little bout at wrestling in the yard, when Roger was thrown against a rock, and so great was the concussion that his leg was fractured just above the ankle. The bone was broken across and splintered up and down. The accident was a painful one, and will incapacitate him for labor for some time, but it is believed no serious results will follow. The weather is too hot for such play, even if there were no danger.

### Fishing Party and its Results.

A small party of friends went fishing yesterday—a party of three or four, among whom was a jolly friend of no little weight, physically considered. Taking a skiff, they undertook to navigate some of the rapids on the Indiana side, near the bridge piers. The waves were unruly and the rocks obstreperous, showing themselves where they ought not, and the party were forced to get out and go it alone. In trying to go from one rock to another, our jolly friend, who, by the way, is perfect as a wood carver, lost his footing, and serious results might have followed, had he not been rescued by one of the bridge hands. After being in a safe place and restored to his equanimity, the affair lost its serious aspects, and this morning is the subject of some joking among his friends. One of them remarked that he might be skillful in cutting antiques in wood, but his antics in water were not equal to his abilities.

### Preston Street Market.

We recur to this matter again to-day to correct an item of yesterday, and add an observation or two. In suggesting a building suitable for a market, the types had it "the depot of the Louisville and Nashville railroad," when it should have been the Louisville and Frankfort, as everybody knows that building is only about two squares distant from the present market-house.

The depot building is large enough for two markets, each as capacious as the present house, and it is infinitely better adapted for the purposes—or would be, with some slight alterations. Market wagons would have yard room, without incurring the expense of stabling, or the trouble of occupying the street, to the disadvantage of trade; and the car-house could be leased for refreshment saloons, coffee rooms, family groceries, &c., &c. There can be no doubt the union depot will be built. The question is one of time only, and when that is done, the railroad company would have no need of the present buildings and grounds. A movement in time would result in securing the promise of the location. That secured, and made ready, a petition to the Council would succeed in removing the obstruction from the streets.

## "MY MAMA'S QUARTER."

### A Thrilling Episode in the History of Louisville.

About the middle of the afternoon yesterday, Podhammer stood in the door of the gorgeous counting-room of the Evanson Express, gazing with the eye of a celebrated painter, borrowed expressly for the occasion, upon the serene and very abundant mudholes which lead such an enchanting air and odor to the landscape, on Jefferson street, between Second and Fifth, and seriously contemplated the benevolent enterprise of laying down at his own expense a Nicolson pavement between the two points named. Near him, pouring over the brilliant columns of the Express, stood Liederkranz, of the Anzeiger, while, leaning upon the marble counter, talking confidentially of a premeditated call upon some first-class sample of Falls City loveliness, stood Juvenis of the Express, and his handsome young friend S. The scene was one of rare historic interest, forming, as it did, a tableau such as a poetic eye rarely beholds without emotions too deep and thrilling for words adequately to describe. For a brief moment we will leave this beautiful scene to the undisturbed enjoyment of the appreciative reader.

Podhammer had figured out in his own splendidly mathematical mind the probable cost of the enterprise already named, and had fairly determined to hand the corporation a check for the sum required, with instructions to proceed with the work at once, when his attentive ear caught the sound of childish sobs and falling tears a few yards up the street. Throwing an eagle glance in the direction from which the melancholy sounds proceeded, he beheld a neatly-dressed little girl, some eight or nine years of age, hurrying along and weeping bitterly, as if the shadow of some great sorrow had fallen upon her heart. Podhammer's sensibilities, of which he has several, were touched to their lowest depths.

"Tears, little tears, he knows not what they mean!" But he is never at a loss to know the meaning of such tears as streamed like trout dew-drops along the pretty cheeks of the little girl. He knew that something serious had happened.

"What's the matter, sissie?—why do you cry?" asked he, in a voice whose gentleness at once challenged the confidence of the weeping maiden.

"I've lost my mama's quarter," said she, with a fresh burst of tears.

Podhammer comprehended the situation at a glance. He was satisfied that the child had been sent out to make some trifling purchase, had lost upon the street the fractional shipmaster that had been given her for the purpose, and was now weeping at the thought of a parent's frown. But he felt that she was indulging in an unnecessary waste of feeling—that the mother of so neat and pretty a child could not be very greatly given to scolding about trifles.

Podhammer thrust his hands into his vest pockets in search of an amount equal to the lost sum. They were empty. He buried them in the pockets of his pants, looms. They too were bankrupt. Frank, teasingly snatching his hat from his head, he gazed wildly into its depths, with the delusive hope of finding there a stray fragment of the national currency. And then he awoke to the painful consciousness of being in that condition of extreme impecuniosity which the *casualte* so graphically describe by the term "nary red." But something must be done to dry the tears of sorrowing childhood. He called to Liederkranz and hurriedly explained the situation. The heart of that gentle Bohemian bounded with a benevolent impulse, and in response thereto his hands started for his pockets; but instantly a shadow swept athwart his brow and his countenance assumed the forlorn and desolate aspect of a poor man at a cash sale. Liederkranz, too, was "broke." A hurried appeal was then made by the two to Juvenis and S. But Juvenis and S. acknowledged themselves temporarily doomed.

"On penury's barren isle to roam," and therefore utterly unable to meet the demands of the occasion. In the whole crowd there was not to be found the price of a single glass of lager. So complete a financial wreck was never before seen in this country—especially among men who are seldom without the ability to produce a nickel at a moment's warning.

## A LOUISVILLE ENOCH ARDEN CASE.

### Return of a Printer to Find his Wife again Married.

The New Albany Ledger, of yesterday evening, says that "a gentleman related this morning a strange and rather romantic story, of the truth of which he is well assured, with reference to some parties formerly well known in Louisville, and some of whom still reside in that city. It appears that a printer, named John O. W., at work on the Louisville Democrat a number of years ago, married a young lady, respectfully connected, from Oldham county, Ky., with whom he apparently lived very contentedly for a number of years, and by whom he had some three or four children, all of whom, however, died at an early age, except one daughter. In 1856 W.—very mysteriously disappeared, and as nothing was afterward heard from him by his family it was supposed that he was dead. His supposed widow, in 1858, married a man named S—, and shortly after removed to West Point, Ky., where the family has since resided. It turns out that W.—was not dead, but had deserted his family. A short time since W.—made his appearance at West Point, having learned the whereabouts of his former wife, but kept himself out of her sight, watching her daily from his hotel opposite the residence of S—.

Finally, he addressed a note to her with a view of inducing her to abandon her husband and live with him. This Mrs. S. very promptly and indignantly refused to do; in fact, would not even see him under any circumstances. W.—, failing in his efforts in this direction, endeavored to induce his daughter, a young lady now about seventeen years of age, and the only child remaining by his former wife, to accompany him to Louisville. This she positively refused to do, believing that a parent who would desert his family during so many years, was unworthy of confidence. W.—, finding himself foiled, returned to Louisville, where, we understand, he is now at work in one of the printing offices of that city. Those best acquainted with the facts, and with the character of W.—, believe that his only desire is to get possession of a very considerable fortune to which his daughter has fallen heir since his disappearance, and of which he recently gained information.

The Ledger, no doubt, refers to a printer named Walter, and the circumstances related are in the main correct, excepting as to the time. John O. Walter was a printer in the Democrat office, and married an estimable lady in Lagrange, Ky. In 1854 he absconded, leaving her with a woman named McPherson, but was not heard of until now. That he is the identical person seems conclusive from the facts stated.

### City Work—Contracts Let Out.

The following contracts for city work were let out this morning at the Engineers' office, to the parties named:

C. G. Gordon—To grade and pave Montgomery, or Twentieth street, from the south side of Jefferson to the north side of Grayson street.

Charles Obst—Jacob, or Vine street, from the east side of Campbell street to the west side of Beargrass creek, south fork.

To remake the gutter south side Grayson street, between Brook and Floyd.

Henry Wilben—To grade and pave the alley running from Walnut to Marshall, between Preston and Jackson.

L. B. Read & Bro.—To grade and pave High street, from the west side of Bridge street, if extended to the west side of Nineteenth street, if extended.

D. Shaffer—To grade and pave Caldwell street, from Floyd to Preston.

P. McDaniel—To dig and wall a well at Twelfth and Churchill streets.

L. H. King—To grade and pave the following sidewalks: Madison street, from Nineteenth to Twentieth; on the south side of Grayson, from Fifteenth to Sixteenth; on the south side of Second street, from Walnut to Chestnut; on the west side of Preston, from Gray to the first alley north, and from Broadway to the first alley north.

E. H. Whitesides—To make sidewalks on the West side of Eighth, from Cad Chapel's north line to first alley north, and on both sides of Chestnut from Preston to Jackson.

James H. Cecil—To grade and pave the alley from Hancock to Jackson; if extended, between Laurel and Rose Lane.

John Brawner—To lay a sidewalk on Hancock, from Laurel to first alley south.

John T. Norwood—To lay sidewalk on Walnut, from Preston to Jackson.

Jenkins & McMillan—To build a frame cottage on the almshouse grounds, for the use of the colored servants in that institution.

### A Natural Result.

A clerk down town at a late supper last night at a popular restaurant, and pigs feet formed a part of his edibles, together with three or four brandy toddies. He soon afterwards retired in his room over the store. He slept, but as may have been expected his dreams were terrible, and the denizens of that portion of the city were awakened about three o'clock with shouts of "murder," "help" &c. A couple of the watchful guardians of the night proceeded to the spot and aroused the unfortunate sleeper by knocking on the door. When he awoke he had sense enough left to understand the situation, and he thanked the policemen for their kindness and care, and went back to bed again, "perchance to dream, &c."

## SCHOOL BOARD.

### Meeting Last Night.

The Board of Trustees met again last evening at 8 o'clock, President Morris occupying the chair.

W. W. Martin, of the First ward, tendered his resignation, which was accepted, and Dr. J. W. Maxwell was elected to fill the vacancy.

After some time spent in amending the rules reported by the committee on rules, the High School committee reported in favor of increasing the salaries of professors in the Male High School from fifteen to eighteen hundred dollars; also increasing the salary of W. C. Coleman, Professor of Chemistry, &c., in the Female High School. The report was referred to the salary and supply committee.

The faculty for the Male High School for the ensuing year was reported by the same committee as follows: Principal, W. N. McDonald, Ancient Languages and Literature, Ashly B. Hart; Modern Languages, Augustus Kassain; chairs not assigned to Prof. E. M. Murch, S. B. Barton, and R. L. Butler. On discussion Prof. Schenck was nominated to the chair of ancient languages, and the election for this position was postponed to the next meeting. The same committee returned the elaborate report of Messrs. Jenkins and March, urging its adoption.

The Sixth ward lot question came up when the indefatigable board, called for at the last meeting, and some other papers relating thereto were offered and accepted, by a vote of ten to five. Whereupon Major Kinney resigned his position as chairman of the Committee on Ekelets and School Property. The Board adjourned to meet again next Monday evening.

### Ill Feeling.

There is no little dissatisfaction among the base ballists and the admirers of the game at the refusal of the Eagles to endorse the action of their President in tendering their grounds to the Kentucky's and Haymakers for their match game to-day. The feeling generally is that it smacks a little too much of Cincinnati discourtesy. It is perfectly clear that the Haymakers were outrageously treated in Cincinnati, and every fair base ballist in the country should have united in demonstrating their respect to the Haymakers, as a rebuke to the ruffians and loafers of the Hog Metropolis.

### The Chapman Sisters.

The lovers of good acting and singing should remember that the engagement of the Chapman Sisters' burlesque opera company commences on Monday evening, at Weisiger Hall, with the famous operatic burlesque "Ixion, the Lion of the Skies," with all the original music and grotesque dances. Mr. C. B. Bishop, the renowned and talented comedian, will also appear on this occasion. Mr. Watchtel, the *avant-courier*, has arrived, and is making every effort to insure an interesting and pleasant week for our play-goers generally.

### Personal.

The Baltimore Episcopal Methodist says that Hafford College has conferred the honorary degree of D. D., on Reverend A. A. Morrison, of the Louisville Conference, preacher in charge of the Methodist Church, corner of Fifth and Walnut streets, in this city. Emory College also conferred the same degree upon him, and the Methodist adds that Mr. M. well deserves this double honor.

### Another Fatal Stroke.

Xavier Zeinhold, who keeps a grocery on Green street, between Clay and Shelby, and who had been quite unwell since last Monday, returned to his store about six o'clock last evening, having been out on urgent business. The hat was too much for his weak condition, and he died in about an hour after reaching home. The deceased was about fifty years of age, and leaves a wife to mourn his loss.

### Young Thieves.

Wm. Benson and Joseph Junot were arrested this morning and put in jail for stealing four dollars in U. S. notes and fractional currency from John Goad, who does business at the corner of Thirteenth and Walnut. These boys have begun their career early in life, being only about 15 years old.

### Fire Alarm.

About 10 o'clock last night a fire broke out in John Simms' furniture factory, on Main street, between Eighth and Ninth, but it was extinguished without the aid of the engines and with but little damage.

### TOWN TOOLS.

#### Photographic Goods.

Notice the advertisement under the head of T. J. Merritt & Bro., in another column. They have lately received some new goods which they are selling very low. They have a complete assortment of artists materials of the best quality and make. Also, stereoscopic pictures, the largest variety in the city, representing scenes and landscapes in Italy, France, Belgium, Spain and all the principal places of celebrity in this and the old country. Give them a call.

#### Baltimore Oysters.

B. F. Barker, No. 95 Fifth street, has at his depot some fine, fresh and luscious Baltimore oysters, which he wishes everybody to call and examine. They are perfectly fresh.

#### Neuralgic Powders.

The best neuralgic powders in the market can be obtained of Seaton & Co., at their drug store, corner of Fourth and Jefferson. They have been extensively proven remarkably satisfactory in all cases.

## HORTICULTURAL.

### Masonic Temple This Morning.

The weekly exhibition of the Kentucky Horticultural Society took place in Masonic Temple this morning. The display of fruits especially was large and excellent, combining some of the largest and finest species of peaches grown, together with an ample contribution of apples, grapes, plums, pears, &c. The attendance was somewhat larger than usual, and quite a number of pretty young ladies and gallant gentlemen graced the occasion by their presence. The contributions brought fair and some fabulous prices, as the bidding between the young gentlemen for presents for their lovely sweethearts was unusually spirited.

St. Lawrence, by Combs Luntz, Jefferson county.

Cary's Summer, by C. C. Cary.

Bartlett and Bute Lucetia, by S. T. Gaar.

Bartlett, by W. H. Dulaney.

Bartlett, very large and fine, by C. H. Stivers.

Dayne Boscack, by W. H. Dulaney.

Sickle, by J. A. McDowell.

Howell, by W. H. Dulaney; also, the Jalonsie de Fontenay Vindie.

Bartlett, by J. A. McDowell.

Bartlett and Pennsylvania Belle, by Colonel Johnson.

Variety Thelush, by J. D. Nantz.

Flemish Beauty, by J. D. Allen.

PEACHES.

Lenfold, Yellow Albany, Mixon Free, Lemon Cling, Rodman Cling, Crawford's Late, Belle de la Coo's Seedling and Mixon Cling, all from the grounds of Mr. Stivers.

Stivers has the largest and finest lot on exhibition, and Mr. Stivers deserves great praise for the care and attention he has given to their culture.

Yellow Albany, by J. A. Miller; Catherine, by Dr. Allen; Catherine and Crawford Late, by C. C. Cary; Catherine and Late Crawford, by J. A. McDowell.

Leopold and Crawford Late, by H. S. Duncan.

Catherine, Leopold and Crawford Late, by Col. Johnson.

BEANS.

Giant Wave, by Wm. Gissell.

Fancy, by M. M. Green.

French, by C. H. Stivers.

POTATOES.

By J. M. McDowell—Bernuda sweet, Breuen, Yellow and Brazilian.

CRAPES.

Concord, Delaware, C. H. Stivers; Delaware, Jno. A. Miller, Dr. Chenoweth; J. E. Coons, Northern Muscatine, Concord, H. S. Duncan; Black Tripoli, Sweet Water River, Bonwood Muscat, Black Prince, Stockwood Golden Hamburg, Concord and Delaware, all of which, excepting the last two named, were of an imported species and from the green-house of Mr. Theo. Schenck.

FLLOWERS.

Boquet, F. Morat, Boquet, Mrs. Col. Alexander, Display, Floral Park, Display, Ross & Lauer, Basket, Mrs. James Kennedy, Display, Mrs. Wm. Semple, Two lamp baskets, Geo. Walker, Hand bouquet, Ross & Lauer, Basket, Jno. A. Miller, C. H. Stivers, Display, J. Y. Speer, Floral display, Jno. A. Miller, Display, Jas. T. Latham, Beautiful Species, F. Morat, Boquet, Floral Park.

FLUENS.

Imperial Gage, splendid, C. H. Stivers, Columbia, C. H. Stivers, Golden Drop, very pretty, C. H. Stivers, Yellow Egg, C. H. Stivers, For a Name, Combs, Lutz & Co., Lombard, H. S. Duncan.

## LOUISVILLE CITY COURT.

HOS. E. S. CRAIG, JUDGE.

A few stragglers, a few prisoners and a few lawyers made up the crowd this morning. The docket was unburdened with the loads of crime and criminals that decorated its pages only a few days since, yet the busy marshals opened smartly, and the court presented itself as if the most momentous business was to attend to.

Frank Jones, assault and battery on L. Marks; dismissed.

George Douglas, fine confessed; \$3.

Charles Robinson, peace warrant by Isaac Phelps; dismissed at costs of prosecutor.

Johnson Rollins, drunk and disorderly; fined three dollars, and bond in \$100 for sixty days.

David Clark, disorderly conduct. This young lad's mind, imbued with too much of the spirit of the times, tried to shove a knife into a negro man, but his father being a law-abiding citizen, arrested him and placed him in jail, this morning, and the Judge, in consideration of the old man's care for his son, thought that the boy could not be better corrected than by turning him over to his father.

Conrad Free, drunk and disorderly; fined \$3 and held in \$100 for thirty days.

John and Catherine Glorious were gloriously drunk and disorderly, and Catherine could not understand the witnesses this morning, so she opened out her batteries in German on the court and mimicked her defense. She showed his Honor the way her enemies doled her, by ducking her head and peeping slyly at him through the iron railing, chuckling with satisfaction when she heard the order that she and her husband must pay a fine of \$5 each and give bond in the sum of \$100 to keep the peace for thirty days. She heroically walked into the cage and shook her fist at the policeman that looked her in.

Josephine (Glossier) and Julie Mills, the first is no kin to the famous duke, but nevertheless of royal blood, for she looked as if she had been dined several times in Africa's most sunny fountains, the waters of which make good black ink. This interesting couple presented themselves blushing and modestly, answered the charge of cursing and indecent language on the streets. Fined \$5, and \$100 bond for three months.

Wm. Hale, drunk and abuse of family.

Who charges me with such a thing? Aint I a hale, first cousin to Hail Columbia, and kin to every hale fellow well met? His aimable spouse charged him, however, with "such a thing," and said he was not drunk.

Judge—"Well, Mr. Hale, have you any questions to ask?"

Hale—"Yes-sir-ee. Look a here, old woman, didn't you tell me that you had a suitor in New Albany that you loved better nor me?"

Mrs. H.—"I love anybody better than you, my miserable thing. No, sir, I love you with all my heart, and I never said anything else." \$3 fine and \$200 bonds for six months.

During the day, though the town was

## MIKE MCCOOLE AS A MARKSMAN.

### HIS SHOT AT TOM KEHOE.

Nobody Hurt—Nobody Arrested—The Hatchet Buried.

From the St. Louis Democrat, 27th.

As a pugilist, Mike McCool stands high among the knights of the stacked arena. As a marksman, he is below the average. He has never been in training at a pistol gallery, and it is not surprising that he should miss a man of the size of Tom Kehoe at a single fire. With a shotgun he might, perhaps, wing Tom at twenty yards, and with his list he could knock him out of time at one yard.

Brief allusion was made in yesterday's paper to the shooting affair at Johnny's camp on Thursday night. Kelly and McCool were walking along Christy avenue, when they came in sight of Kehoe sitting on the sidewalk with a kid named Dwyer. Kelly, knowing that McCool had sworn vengeance against Tom, warned the latter of the impending danger, and Kehoe took to his heels, but not before Mike had sent a bullet from a revolver whizzing in close proximity to the toe of his boot. The bullet made a hole in the gutter, and Dwyer tumbled from his chair, thinking he was shot. A crowd gathered around, and some of the men picked the boy up and examined him, but found that the skin was not broken. In the meantime Kehoe was making tracks with the speed of an antelope. Pursuit was vain. He left McCool far behind, and Mike gave up the chase.

Kehoe was formerly a barkeeper for McCool, and it is rumored that the cause of the difficulty was a suspicion on the part of Mike that Tom was too fond of his wife, and she of him. It would be improper to report all the details in circulation concerning the stolen interviews between the lovers; but it is certain that McCool was satisfied in his own mind that his barkeeper had taken liberties which his position did not warrant.

Those of our readers who read the account of the marriage of McCool and Miss Naughton will remember that the young lady was described as a model of grace and beauty, and a pattern of virtue and amiability. We will not say that the picture was overdrawn; but angels have fallen before now, and if the wife of a prize-fighter should not be like Caesar's wife, few persons who are familiar with the manners and habits of the pugilistic fraternity will be surprised. Mrs. McCool was in the habit of sitting in her husband's saloon, on Fifth and Carr, and chatting freely with the rude men who made the place the rendezvous of the town. It was reported then that she was exposing herself to daily temptation, but it is to be hoped that she withstood the test, and retained her purity; but men will talk about and scandalize a woman who steps from the beaten path usually pursued by her sex, and all the stories of her wild conduct may be purely imaginary.

After the shooting, Dwyer regained his legs, and McCool walked away. He had been riding in a buggy with his wife during the afternoon, probably learned from her own lips something about Kehoe, that aroused his jealousy. No arrests were made by the police, and McCool went home and slept until morning. Yesterday morning he went into the County Marshal's office, and wanted to give himself up, but Colonel McCall told him he was not authorized to take him in custody. He had no warrant for him, and McCool went back to his saloon, and during the day, through the mediation of friends, the breach between himself and Kehoe was healed, and they became friends again.

In the afternoon McCool went out to his old quarters at the Fairfield house, and went into training for his fight with Allen. It will require all the time between this and the day of battle, in November, for him to get himself in proper condition to meet Allen.

## HORRIBLE TRAGEDY.

William Lake, Proprietor of Lake's Circus, Shot and Instantly Killed by a Pistol.

From the Granby (Mo.) Independent, 23d.

Last night, after the regular performance of Lake's circus was over, and the minstrel performance had begun, William Lake, the proprietor of the circus, was shot by one Jake Killyon, while standing at the door of the circus. The circumstances attending the murder, as near as we can glean them from the witnesses, and from the evidence before the Coroner's inquest, are these:

After the regular performance of the circus was over, the ushers commenced clearing the canvas for the minstrel performance, gathering tickets and excluding those who had not paid. Killyon was found secreted under a seat. He was told by one of the ushers to come out, and pay or leave. At this he got up and sat down on a seat.

While this was happening, Mr. Lake came up and, being told the trouble, turned to Killyon, and told him to "get out of there," at the same time taking hold of his collar, and calling upon his men to put him out. Killyon, at this, drew his revolver, which was immediately aimed at him by the crowd. In time he came to the door of the canvas. After Killyon was put out, it is said he made several threats that he would kill Lake if he could get a revolver.

A few minutes after this Killyon came up to the door-keeper, the pulling out of his wallet, remarked that "he was at a quarrelsome man, and was willing to pay to go in." While he was in the act of paying, Mr. Lake came out through the passage-way toward the door-keeper. As soon as Killyon saw him, he slipped back among the crowd at the door. Just at this moment, Deputy Marshal Bailey (who had heard there had been a difficulty, and that a revolver had been drawn) came up from town and inquired "who had that revolver?" Mr. Lake immediately replied that "he had it, and would deliver it up to-morrow morning to the proper authorities." While they were talking, Marshal Bailey and a Mr. Thompson were standing facing Mr. Lake, not three feet from him. Killyon again approached from behind Thompson,











